LD 1364
.5
.C7 S7
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. LJ13.64.5

Shelf .C7S7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS,

Ezra Cornell.

A

MEMORIAL ADDRESS,

DELIVERED IN LIBRARY HALL,

January 11th, 1875,

"FOUNDER'S DAY."

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

Ezra Cornell,

Founder of the Cornell University.

BY RUFUS P. STEBBINS,

Pastor of the First Unitarian Church.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ITHACA:
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
1875.

LD
1364
5
.C7
S7

ORDER OF SERVICES ON FOUNDER'S DAY,

JANUARY 11th, 1875.

Prayer,

REV. THEO. F. WHITE, D. D.

Memorial Address,

REV. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D. D.

Founder's Hymn.

FRANK M. FINCH, ESQ., sung by the audience, a double quartette leading.

Dismission.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITHACA, Dec. 19, 1874.

REV. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D. D.,

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, Trustees of Cornell University, respectfully ask you to deliver an address in Library Hall, on the evening of Founder's Day, on the life and character of our lamented Founder, Ezra Cornell.

JOHN MCGRAW,
J. B. WILLIAMS,
GEO. W. SCHUYLER,
J. H. SELKREG,
F. M. FINCH,
S. D. HALLIDAY.

ITHACA, Dec. 21, 1874.

MESSRS. JOHN MCGRAW, J. B. WILLIAMS, GEO. W. SCHUYLER, S. D. HALLIDAY, J. H. SELKREG and F. M. FINCH, *Trustees of Cornell University:*—

Your letter of the 19th inst. is before me, inviting me "to deliver an address in Library Hall, on the evening of Founder's Day, on the Life and Character of our lamented Founder, Ezra Cornell."

Some of you, if not all of you, are aware that it has been my most ardent desire that the President of the University should speak this word on that day; and nothing could induce me to accept his and your invitation to do so but the knowledge that previous engagements rendered it impossible for him to do it, and that he would avail himself of another and more distant occasion to honor the memory of the departed.

Gentlemen, I accept your invitation in the humble hope that I may be able to speak a word not entirely unworthy of the subject and the day.

Very respectfully yours,

RUFUS P. STEBBINS.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY, PRESIDENT'S ROOMS,
Ithaca, N. Y., June 29, 1875.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—

In behalf of the Trustees of the Cornell University, I have the honor to request of you for publication a copy of your address upon the life, character and services of the late Ezra Cornell, delivered on Founder's Day of the present year.

I remain, very respectfully and truly yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE, President, &c.

REV. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D. D., Ithaca, N. Y.

CLINTON HOUSE, ITHACA, N. Y., July 1, 1875.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,

PRESIDENT OF THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY:—

My Dear Sir:—I place at your disposal the MS. of my address upon the life and character of the late Ezra Cornell, founder and lover of our University, in the hope that it may not be wholly unworthy of his memory and that it may inspire other ardent souls to do likewise.

Most truly yours,

RUFUS P. STEBBINS.

HON. PRESIDENT WHITE.

ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees and Professors of the Cornell University, Members of the Corporation and Board of Trustees of Cornell Library Association, Students and Fellow Citizens :—

The drapery at the entrance of this Hall and about it, this vacant chair, wreathed with both crape and flowers, to symbolize not only the grief but the pleasant memories it awakens, and our own subdued feeling,—all announce the Day and the cause of our assembling. The day is " Founder's Day," which ceaseth from this time henceforth to be a day of salutation and becometh a day of Memorial. The cause of our assembling is to commemorate him. For the time has come in which we may freely speak our words of honor and gratitude. The flood of the first great grief which overwhelmed us all at the death of our honored Founder and citizen has had time to subside. In the midst of its first overflow, no one felt either able or disposed to speak many words of our loss, or of his life and character. Tears, silence and hand-clasps were the tributes which were rendered on that great day of mourning. However much many of our citizens might have desired to hear just words of commemoration spoken, no tongue could be loosed on that day, the lips of all were silent.

The sorrows, and griefs, and desolations of the bereaved household, also, demanded from us the opportunity to shed their tears in retirement, and to unite with a few chosen friends in the solemnities of that sad hour, in the privacy of their own home. Their choice was as impera-

tive as it was fitting. And this concession was gracefully made to the tender feelings of the household. What was permissible, in the presence of such family grief, you did to express your sympathy with them, your love and honor for the departed. From the hour of his death to that of his burial, places of business and public buildings were draped in mourning; flags were suspended at half-mast; resolutions were passed by the University, by the Cornell Library Association, by the Savings Bank, and by the authorities of the town, as well as by other organizations, expressive of their great respect for the dead and sympathy for the family; and on the day of the funeral, carriages from adjoining towns and extra trains on our railroads brought committees, chosen to represent neighboring cities, and hundreds of others to express their own personal loss and sympathy. The solemn hour of the last sad rites came; the doors of the places of business were closed, and tokens of bereavement and respect were seen everywhere. In the silence and amidst the tears of the bereaved household, in the sacred privacy of their home, such words were spoken and such prayers offered as in such a presence and amidst such grief the lips could utter. Few and broken indeed they were. Then the doors were opened and your opportunity, citizens, students, came. Such an ovation of silent respect was a worthy tribute, most worthy possible, to the Founder of the University and model citizen of the town. All spoken words seemed out of place—poor and unworthy. The multitudes, the order, the sobriety, the silence, the tears, were the best and only fitting tribute to the departed on that occasion. And when we left that tomb with a christian benediction, I cannot but think that we all felt "This is best; this is most befitting the occasion and the character; this, the silent tribute of mourning thousands, is better, far better, than the voice of anyone, however eloquent." And so it was. We each one returned to our homes with our memories full of what was best and loveliest in the life and character of our late fellow citizen and friend. And the deeds and words which we remembered were very precious. So closed the twelfth day of December, a day the like of which the eyes of this people had never beheld, the day of the funeral of our modest, yet eminent, fellow citizen, Ezra Cornell.

The occasion for some suitable public word to be spoken was near at

hand. It has been the custom of our University from the beginning, to honor the day of its founder's birth by suspending its studies and devoting the evening to a reception, in the great parlors of Cascadilla. This day was the eleventh of January, and called Founder's Day. Almost too near the day of great grief to give time to prepare a suitable memorial, or to be in a state of mind to listen to a sketch of such a life. There was, however, but one opinion respecting the appropriateness of the occasion and the importance of improving it. The Executive Committee and such members of the Board of Trustees of the University as could be consulted, immediately took action on the subject. As the day on which this address should be delivered was already appointed in the calendar of the University, so the man who should deliver it was already enrolled in its Register, its President, the Hon. Andrew D. White. To the deep regret of every one, but to none so much as to myself, an engagement from which he could not be released prevented his undertaking the work; and nothing could reconcile any of us to this disappointment, but the expectation that at some future time, probably at the next Commencement, his ready pen, and eloquent lips, and intimate acquaintance with the subject will do eminent justice to our honored Founder's character.

In acceptance of your public invitation, gentlemen, and his private urgent request, I stand before you this evening; and I am sure I do not ask more than you will be willing to grant, when I beg that I may feel the support of your sympathy with my unenviable position as your President's substitute.

Ezra Cornell, the upright man, the model citizen of whom I am to speak, was born in Westchester county, in this State, on the eleventh day of January, 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, emigrants to this State from the south-eastern part of Massachusetts. Simplicity, industry, integrity, and economy are eminent characteristics of the members of this Society, and were his inheritance. He was the eldest of a family of eleven children and was heir to the labors, self-denials and sturdy discipline which the oldest child in so numerous a family inherits. The narrow circumstances of the household rendered it necessary that every member should be a worker, and compelled to the strictest economy. Plain fare, plain clothing, hard

work were the watchwords of the family. Elijah Cornell, the father, was a man of more than ordinary education and industry, but so large a family made such demands upon his labor as to keep him poor. Ezra's early life was, therefore, one of constant labor and few or no opportunities of relief and amusement. His father gave him, as he did his other children, such instruction at home as he could snatch time for from his daily labors. He also taught school in the winter, gathering in such children as he conld induce to attend, for there were no free public schools in the State at that time, and by whose tuition he added something to the scanty income which he derived from his trade as a potter. Busy, caring for the smaller children to relieve a faithful mother; busy, helping his father in the shop; busy, running of errands for both; snatching a leisure moment in the evening to learn to read, and spending a few hours a day for a few days in the winter in his father's school; envying, perhaps, the boys who did nothing, or had nothing to do, hunting and fishing, unless these were too much like work to attract their attention; clothed in coarse but substantial homespun, strongest among the strong, most determined among the decided, young Cornell spent the first twelve years of his life. I see him as he was, the sturdy, the robust, the vigorous boy, defiant of storm and difficulty; muscular, enduring, patient.

In 1819, when Ezra was twelve years old, his father removed his family to Madison county and settled in the town of De Ruyter. The country was then new, demanding of its settlers hardihood and hard work. Fields were to be cleared of forests, and stumps torn from the ground. Felling trees and logging were no pastime. His father opened a pottery and carried on a farm. His boys were now a help and did much to aid in supporting the family. For seven years Ezra served his father with most devoted faithfulness, giving indications of that mechanical genius and taste which served him so well in after life. He was able to get snatches of schooling in the winter and improved the long evenings by reading in the chimney corner by firelight such books as he could find in the neighborhood. It gave Mr. Cornell great pleasure to relate in after life the story of his last term of schooling whose tuition he and his brother paid for by slashing, logging, burning, and preparing for planting four acres of heavily wooded

land. They did the work after school hours in two months, and he graduated without owing a cent when he was eighteen years old, a hardy, industrious, intelligent young man, with indomitable purpose, and high ambition. He knew what work was, and how to do it. He knew what money was, for he had earned it. He had learned that the secret of success is in what we *keep* fully as much as in what we *get*. No undertaking daunted him even now. His genius for mechanics was revealed in many ways, and he was fond of examining and understanding all kinds of machinery. His father needed a new pottery and employed such a mechanic as the country furnished to build it. Ezra was set to work with him. Whether the ignorant carpenter was jealous of the developing taste of young Cornell and wished to disgust him with the work, or whether it was a stupid blunder is not clear, but whether the one or the other, he put young Cornell to boring holes in the timber for framing with a two-inch auger;—not such an auger as we have now, which enters the wood with ease and cuts its way as smoothly as a razor, but an old-fashioned two-inch auger which creaked, and cracked, and split, and shivered, and tore its desperate way into the timber, making its user steam like Sysiphus. Cornell, who had cleared with his brother four acres of forest in two months after school hours, was not to be driven from the work and a mastery of the business by a two-inch auger. He did the boring and something more. He did the carpenter himself; for he soon caught him in an error in his laying out of the work, and barely escaped severe chastisement far calling attention to a mistake which would have seriously hindered the work or damaged the building, if not corrected. Thus early he learned that correcters of others' mistakes are heirs of the rod rather than of reward. That reformers are not popular. It makes little difference where you propose improvement or point out mistakes, whether in caucus or carpentry, morals or mechanics, the reward is the same. It was of small consequence to him, however, for in building the pottery he became a carpenter. He tried his hand at his new vocation at once. With his own hands he felled the timber, planned, and erected a two-story house for his father as his last work for one who had done so much for him by doing so little, for his father's narrow circumstances had caused young Cornell to form habits of industry and

severe economy, and to anticipate the day when he must rely upon his own resources, his own strong arm, his own stronger will.

Ezra Cornell was now nineteen years of age. The old home was full. He must take care of himself. At night-fall on one of the inclement days of our month of March—so runs the story—a stalwart young man of tanned but expressive face, was seen striding across the muddy crossings and along the half-finished sidewalks of Syracuse, then only a village. He attracted attention by the steady swing of his tall frame as he walked, by his heavy boots all covered with mud, into the tops of which were tucked the coarse trowsers. He carried over his shoulder a rough stick on which was a small bundle tied in a handkerchief. Altogether a notable object. He made inquiries for a carpenter shop. He was directed to one. He engaged work. He had ten cents in his pocket as capital. That young man was Ezra Cornell. He, who became possessor of millions; who projected and built railroads; who, by his genius and labor, has spanned the continent with the telegraph; who has established our Public Library and founded our University, through whose influence and by whose graduates his name will be held in honor and gratitude to the last syllable of recorded time.

After working at his trade in Syracuse and towns adjacent for two years, Mr. Cornell came to this town. He was now twenty-one years of age. It was forty-six years ago. The place was but a hamlet. A few houses here and there crowded at the foot of east and south hill, only two more north of Cascadilla Creek. Some men of enterprise had already located here and Mr. James S. Beebe had a flour mill at Fall Creek, and Mr. Otis Eddy had a cotton factory at Cascadilla Place. By these two men Mr. Cornell was employed for twelve years, continuing with Mr. Beebe ten. He was engaged in machine shops, in building mills, in erecting dams, and blasting tunnels to convey the water to the machinery, and did over-work in six months to the extent of adding one month to his wages, and that too when twelve hours was demanded for a day's work.

In 1831, after a residence of three years in our town, he married, and since that time his home has been among our homes, and he has been an active citizen of the town.

In 1840 Mr. Cornell became interested in farming and did much to awaken interest in the subject of Agriculture, and by importation of choice stock greatly improved the breed of cattle in the county and State; and when President of the State Society in 1862, he was sent as a delegate to the Royal Agricultural Exhibition in London. He devoted himself to the study of the English methods of farming and brought home much useful information. But the great work of his life by which he made his fortune was the establishment of lines of telegraph. Not that he neglected other interests, and the promotion of various industries, for he took into his heart, and, by word or work or money, hailed or assisted every new invention to relieve wearied muscles and increase production, thus cheapening the price of commodities and reducing luxuries to conveniences. An improvement in the plow, —emperor among tools, and till within a few years, shabbiest and poorest of all the imperial race,—sent him abroad among the farmers and mechanics of the Eastern States to introduce the new implement to his fellow yeomanry. Extending his journey to the State of Maine he met the Hon. F. O. J. Smith, a farmer and member of Congress, who was interested in tbe magnetic telegraph then recently invented by Professor S. F. B. Morse, but whose value and practicability for long distances had not been tested, and was not admitted by many of the most eminent scientists and practical engineers of the day. Experiments had been made with it for only short distances, and some of these had failed through the imperfection of the apparatus. If the invention was a success, if it should be found possible to send messages in the twinkling of an eye from Washington to Philadelphia and New York and on to Boston and Charleston, the fame and the fortune of the inventors would be made; the world would resound with their praise; and all mankind would become neighbors. The morning and the evening would clasp hands.

The enthusiasm, the mechanical genius, the indomitable energy of Mr. Cornell at once attracted the confidence of Mr. Smith, and it was not difficult for him to persuade him to join in the new, and to most persons insane, enterprise. Mr. Cornell left the plow to the care of the oxen and entered upon the construction of a highway for the lightning.

It was just the undertaking to enlist all the nature of our late fellow citizen. It demanded his daring, his disregard of obstacles, his defiance of impossibilities. His genius foresaw success and predicted it. His assurance and enthusiasm inspired and confirmed others.

The great want was capital to construct a line of sufficient length to test the value of the invention as a means of communication between the cities of the country. Private capital peremptorily refused its aid, and what could Smith and Morse and Cornell do with their empty purses? They had sent messages round the city exchange in New York and up and down Broadway; they had visited Washington, and sent messages from the Capitol to the White House, two miles; but what was this success compared with that of sending to Baltimore, the nearest city, a distance of forty miles? Scientists of eminence affirmed that no battery could be constructed of sufficient power to generate sufficient electricity for the purpose, or if so, that no wire could be manufactured which would carry the fluid without melting; or, if both should prove possible, that the *expense* of the apparatus and the line of wire would be so great that it could never be used as a means of communication.

Every thing failed these men but faith. Messages could be carried to Baltimore and should be carried there. The *can* of possibility should become the *is* of reality. They applied to Congress for thirty thousand dollars to aid them in trying the experiment between Washington and Baltimore. If this experiment should succeed, then by forty or fifty mile relays they could extend the wires to Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston, and south to Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah, and glory would cover them and those who voted for the appropriation. If they should fail they would become a hissing and a by-word, and their supporters in congress would lose their re-election. After running the gauntlet of the sneers of many honorable gentlemen, both in the House and in the Senate, who knew even less of electricity than they did of legislation, and after numerous failures, the appropriation was carried.

Now for the great experiment. It was agreed to insulate the wires in lead pipe laid two feet, more or less, umder ground, in accordance with Mr. Cornell's suggestion, as the wires would be more secure from

casualties than if suspended in the air. Mr. Smith took the contract for laying the pipe, but gave it up after a brief trial because the expense exceeded the compensation.

Mr. Cornell came to the rescue; invented a machine which was both cart and plow, to which a drum was attached on which the lead pipe, containing the insulated wire, was coiled; and then attaching a team of eight or ten mules, a trench was cut of the required depth, the wire laid, and the trench filled. Success was smiling on the work. Ten miles of pipe were laid from Baltimore to the Relay House, at one-tenth of the cost of the Smith contracts. Ten miles of wire out; now for a trial. The instruments were arranged privately and the key touched at Baltimore. Expectancy was on tip-toe, and heart-beats were louder than voices. No response came from the Relay House. No message was received there. The whole invention was a failure or their insulation was insufficient; which? This was the crucial question. The failure must not be known. Some money and an abundance of faith were yet left. Other methods must be tried. But how keep the failure a secret while other methods of insulation were tried? Mr. Cornell again came to the rescue. He made the anomalous plow and he knew how to repair it should it need repairs. He ordered the negroes, so the legend runs, to start up the mules at a sharp gait, and as they were passing a rocky place he so directed its nose that the whole machine was not only put out of countenance, but fell in pieces on the spot. This accident necessarily caused delay; and delay gave opportunity for experiment. It was improved; and after more experiments and due deliberation it was decided that poles should be erected by the road-side, and that the wires should be insulated where they were attached to these poles, ten or fifteen feet above the ground. The insulation was found to be satisfactory; and under the appointment of Assistant Superintendent of the telegraph by the Hon. John C. Spencer, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cornell pushed the work to completion in the Spring of 1844. The poles were set, the wires suspended, and messages passed between the cities of Baltimore and Washington, to the astonishment of all and to the utter confusion of the faithless and unbelieving; and those Members of Congress who had scouted the enterprise and opposed the appropriation, in their speeches for Buncombe, passed by the citizens

on the other side for quite other reasons than those which induced the Priest and Levite to give a wide berth to the robbed traveler.

Messages could be sent forty miles. This was proved. Could they be sent in sufficient numbers to compensate for the outlay? This was the next question. It was found that Morse's telegraph instrument was not suitable for long lines; and once more Mr. Cornell made a study of improving it, and succeeded so perfectly that his improvement, as I am informed, is now in use in combination with the original Morse instrument.

From this time for several years Mr. Cornell was engaged in putting up telegraph lines all over the country and in Canada. So thoroughly had he mastered the business that he made largely on his contracts and was able to subscribe largely for stock when it was worth but little; and at last had the advantage of its great advance in the market.

During this period of nearly twenty years Mr. Cornell was a terrible worker, with both hands and brains. He rode nights and worked by day. He hesitated at no exposure. In storm, and frost, and heat he was on the spot and hard at work. The wiry vigor of his boyhood and early manhood was submitted to the severest test. Probably no toiler in the Stygian blackness of the coal mines of Pennsylvania; no smelter amidst the roaring iron furnaces of Pittsburg; no slave in the steaming rice fields of South Carolina, was a harder worker than Ezra Cornell; nor for a portion of this time was there one of them poorer. Like the heroes of old he lived by faith. Though his integrity was without spot, men do not do business on integrity, but on money; and while his fortune was in expectancy those who had not like precious faith with himself chose silver to scrip and cash to credit; and he often found the way of life hard, and rough, and dark, and the wolf howled on the threshold of his humble home continually. But he had been blessed with a discipline in boyhood and youth which enabled him to suffer and be strong; nay, even to relish the narrow competency which the present hour churlishly furnished, in the assurance that fortune was not distant; and he was not mistaken. The morning was dawning; the day indeed had come. A fortune was his, and he understood that it was his for use not for hoarding; for the advancement of knowledge and virtue among his fellow citizens and mankind, and not to gratify personal pride and vanity.

And now there opens up to us in all its serene magnificence the crowning work and supreme glory of Mr. Cornell's life, in which we see, as in a shadow, it is true, the eminent excellence of his character, his broad philanthropy, his far forecast, his estimate of what was noblest and best for man and his fellow citizens, and for his country in particular.

His ambition and his fortune at first inspired and justified him in founding a Free Public Library, and the erection of this Library Hall and the incorporation of the Cornell Library Association. As he projected it, an institution of learning was to be founded, including choice works of art to educate the taste, choice volumes of science and antiquities to illustrate nature and history; the ablest and latest writings of the most renowned scholars in all departments of knowledge to inspire ambition; reading rooms were to be opened for gentlemen and ladies, supplied with the best periodical literature to gratify the most cultivated taste, and to form such a taste in those unfortunately destitute of it; and, as if the memory of his early years was fresh to him as the morning, he suggests that a "room be appropriated to the use of the younger gentlemen, say from ten or twelve to eighteen years of age," thus enticing them from the temptations of the street, and rewarding them with the comforts, and instruction, and recreations of a hall of their own. His love of agriculture, and his desire to raise it to its due place among the vocations or professions of life, prompted him to finish a commodious room for the use of the Ithaca Farmer's Club, for which he supposed they would "pay a reasonable rent," as well as the "Ithaca Historical Society," for their equally commodious and well lighted rooms. The alcoves of the Library would hold thirty thousand volumes. He intended at first to place fifteen thousand volumes upon the shelves and he supposed that the rental of the other rooms in the building would not only pay for its care but furnish a surplus from which the Library could be replenished and the reading rooms sustained. It was further hoped that courses of lectures to be delivered in the large Lecture Room would not only be a source of instruction to the citizens of the town but also a source of revenue to the Library. The Trustees of this munificent gift were taken from the ministers of the different denominations in the town, and from different departments in the civil

service, representing as he said, "as nearly as possible all classes and interests."

This building, erected for such worthy ends and with a generous outlay of about seventy thousand dollars, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies in the presence of an immense audience on the 20th of December, 1866. In his address on that occasion Mr. Cornell stated that he had modified somewhat his original plan, and proposed to place only three thousand volumes in the Library at its opening, and to follow this gift with a thousand volumes a year till the original number of fifteen thousand volumes was reached. This plan would have been better for the Library had it been accomplished than the other, for it would have filled the alcoves with the new and fresh literature of the day in all its departments, instead of crowding their shelves with the obsolete writings of past ages, which University Libraries should secure and preserve.

In presenting the keys of the building and the trust deed of the property to the Trustees, Mr. Cornell said," I must express the hope, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, that your administration of this trust will be so impartial, so wise, and so just, that a truthful history of it, which should at all times be found in your records, will stand as a lasting monument to your honor through all time. Mr. Chairman, I now present to you the deed of the property and the keys of the edifice. And may God bless the enterprise and make it fruitful to this people in *knowledge*, *truth* and *virtue*."

If in any respects the intentions of the donor and the anticipations of the citizens have not been answered, the cause, as will soon appear, is not far to seek and one of highest honor. From the inception of the plan in 1862 to its completion at the close of 1866, was a period of over four years. Property had increased, in nominal value at least, immensely, Mr. Cornell's especially. He was a member of the Assembly or Senate during this period, and became deeply interested in the arrangements to be made for an Agricultural State College, or a school of civil engineering and practical mechanics. The national grant of a million acres of land to the State to aid in founding a college or university of that class was to be obtained. Mr. Cornell was at that time considering what disposal to make of half a million of dollars which

he wished to consecrate to the good of his fellow citizens and of the race. He offered it to the State to aid in founding a University worthy of its origin and endowment.

He wished "to place at the disposal of the industrial classes of society the best facilities for the acquirement of practical knowledge and mental culture on such terms as the limited means of the most humble can command; to found an institution which will prove highly beneficial to the poor young men and poor young women of the country." Nor did he desire to promote the interests of mining, and farming, and engineering, and manufacturing, and geology, and zoology, only. Man is greater than his works; so thought Mr. Cornell. "I desire," he says, "to found an institution which shall make men more truthful, more honest, more virtuous, more noble, more manly; which shall give them higher purposes and more lofty aims, qualifying them to serve their fellow men better, preparing them to serve society better, training them to be more useful in their relations to the State and to better comprehend *their higher and holier relations to their families and their God.* It shall be our aim and our constant effort," he says, "to make *true Christian men,* without dwarfing or paring them down to fit the narrow guage of any sect." A grander purpose, where was it ever formed? A broader foundation, where was it ever laid? Labor, knowledge, character! But the greatest of these is character. To form this, true Christian manliness should therefore be the supreme ambition of every teacher, of every student in Cornell. Yes, Christian manhood, this is the great, this is the supreme qualification for teacher and aim of pupil, for though they speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not true Christian manliness, they are nothing—sounding brass, tinkling cymbals!

I will not detain you by narrating the difficulties, the vexation, the delays, the suspicions, the jealousies, the calumnies which obstructed the completion of the enterprise and poisoned the air. Mr. Cornell loved the University as his child. The difficulties attending its foundation and endowment were enormous, and would have crushed any other man's strength or filled any other man's bosom with disgust. He faced and bore them all with the calmness of assurance, and the firmness of fate. Tens, fifties, hundreds of thousands of dollars beyond his origi-

nal purpose were needed, and given. His purse was depleted, his credit pledged, till those who knew him best and loved him most, and stood in awe at the lavishment of his princely fortune on the University, feared that the charge of being an infidel, so repeatedly and bitterly made by men who knew not what his disinterestedness was, and never enjoyed the luxury of beneficence without bigotry, would indeed prove to be true; not, by any means, because he did not serve his God, nor because he did not love his fellow man, but because he *would "fail to provide for his own household,"* a fearful style of infidelity as affirmed by the great apostle.

But none of these things moved him. A million acres of wild land to locate and sell; three quarters of a million of dollars to pay out of his own estate, and more called for; other men to interest in the University who could help carry the enormous load and make the grand beginning a grander consummation, all this, in addition to the wise management of his own complicated and increasing business, which would have made any ordinary head swim, any ordinary brain dizzy, any ordinary constitution a wreck, Mr. Cornell took up, and bore to a triumphant conclusion, as steadily and firmly as Sampson bore the mighty gates of Gaza up to Hebron. Heroic worker! patient endurer! inexhaustible giver! honored citizen! Well might'st thou prefer the greater to the less, the endowment of a University which shall give our village world-wide renown, and an accessible library of tens of thousands of volumes, and every one of her sons and daughters the opportunity of the highest education, and bring to her coffers annually a quarter of a million dollars, to the addition of twelve thousand volumes more to our library at the dedication of this building. For when this dedication took place Mr. Cornell had pledged his fortune and honor to found a University here, which he purposed should be second to none in the State or in the country.

The burden of this magnificent work was on his shoulders when, on Dedication day, he gave us this Hall. Head, heart, hands, were full. The State, the country, was on the watch; one misstep and the whole pack of envious, jealous, suspicious rivals, would tear the air with their howlings. He knew it, he felt it. He would secure the University when he *must*. He would accomplish his intentions respecting the Li-

brary when he *could.* His purpose was not changed. Time, in whose influence he so often trusted, would give opportunity to consummate his plan. He never lost sight of it. He struggled to accomplish it; but his sympathizing heart was drawn for the time in other directions. His strong hand was sought in other enterprises to benefit the town and render it not only worthy of being the seat of a great University, but a place of business worthy of his own ambition and that of his fellow citizens.

While wrestling with a giant's strength with the financial problems of the Universitv, he took upon his shoulders the burden of two railroads trembling upon the verge of bankruptcy, that he might, if possible, save them for the interests of the town, for it was evident they never could promote his own. What daring in enterprise! What burdens of responsibility! A million dollars given to our University! Time, labor, anxiety inconceivable, given, and a fortune pledged to wisely sell a half million acres of land yet undisposed of! Sleeping in cars or not sleeping at all, to gain the day for promoting the interest of the University, or the railroads, whose interest was the public's and not his own! Arranging for iron furnaces and glass works to increase the business of the village! Reducing his own expenses to the lowest terms that he might aid poor students through their course of study! Adopting every means of raising funds, which prudence and even daring could suggest that the funds of the University might await a good investment or its estate a good market, by pledging his own as security! Amazing and filling with deepest anxiety his best friends at his utter self-abandonment and forgetfulness of his own interests in the promotion of those of the public, and of the University in particular. It was when stooping under such a burden, thus fainting under accumulating labors for the benefit of mankind, that in the high place of legislation of his own State, for whose glory he was wasting his blood drop by drop, the serpent's hiss was heard, the serpent's rattle sprung! This Ezra Cornell, who had almost forgotten his household, and who had entirely forgotten himself in his zeal for the University, in devotion to others, was charged with selfishness and fortune-hunting! A man was found sufficiently incapable of appreciating true nobility and disinterestedness of character to charge one of "the most unselfish and disin-

terested men God ever made" with the purpose of aggrandizing his fortune at the expense of the University which he had founded! Base as was the accusation, it was well that it was made: not well for the maker, but for Mr. Cornell, for the University, and for the public. For when the furnace had been heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, the victim of this cruel calumny walked into it with calmness and self-reliance; and came out of it, not only without a smell of fire on his garments, but in new robes of spotless whiteness, and with the same calm features of stainless integrity with which he crossed its flaming threshold.

These cares, and burdens, and disappointments would seem to have been sufficient for any shoulders, however Herculean, to bear; for any patience, however inexhaustible, to endure. But more and worse was the portion of Mr. Cornell. The interests of the University were to him supreme. His great ambition was to so locate and dispose of its lands as to give it a foundation surpassing in value that of any other institution in this nation, if not on this continent. He found that the person employed to locate these precious lands had grievously disappointed him, caring nothing for the lands but for the loaves, trusting these vital interests of the University, amounting to millions of dollars, to a third person, without the knowledge of Mr. Cornell; a person who cared nothing for the University and was satisfied if he could only get his per cent.; knowing not whether he had located the lands in spruce swamps, or under water, or in choice pine forests. Mr. Cornell supposed, in the confidence of his upright, unsuspecting heart, that his beloved University was enriched past all need and rivalship. But when those lands were offered for sale it was found that the grossest carelessness had been indulged, not to say fraud perpetrated, in their location, and it was reasonably feared that the expected millions would be greatly if not fearfully diminished. Such a blow at such a time would have stunned any other man. Something must be done. The unworthy agent was dismissed. And then, like the serpent in the fable, warmed to life in the bosom of its benefactor, he revenged himself on his principal by commencing a suit for payment of an extortionate sum for such injurious services, for doing what inefficiency and imcompetency could to destroy or diminish the funds of the University. Trial

after trial had taken place. Mr. Cornell stood with his personal integrity and private fortune between the extortioner and his beloved institution, to which he had pledged his life, his fortune and his honor. He watched, he fasted, he traveled night and day, struggling in every possible manner to keep the funds of the University secure, and pouring out his own like water to meet emergencies which were not anticipated, stooping, almost reeling under the burden. Still no murmur escaped his lips, he brought no railing accusation against his unworthy agent, but rather grew calmer as the storm grew fiercer, and firmer as all others were trembling.* And just now, in this fearful strain of mind, and heart, and fortune, the typhoon of the great panic struck the commercial world, and fortunes went down before it as ships go down in the eastern seas. With what steadiness of eye, with what firmness of foot, with what calmness of breast he met the billows and saw the wrecks! God help the man! Assailed in the halls of legislation as sequestering the funds of his own beloved University to increase his private fortune, and walking amidst the fires of a legislative inquisition; despoiled by his trusted agent to the peril of a portion of the endowment of the University which his honor and his fortune were pledged before God and man to keep sacredly secure, and dragged before the courts to be compelled to pay for being betrayed and defrauded by his unworthy agent; and then, in the midst of his contest with these calumnies and treacheries,—enough to send any ordinary man to his bed and to his grave, struck with the financial hurricane, darkening the heavens for days and nights, sending upon the rocks and to the bottom the heaviest freighted as well as the lightest crafts,—he struggled, he wrestled, he gathered such fragments as he could amidst the wrecks, and calmly looked around him, hoping, believing that whatever else was lost, the University was safe. But these labors of desperation were too much for mortal man to endure. That frame of knitted steel, whose muscles were woven so compactly clearing the beech forests of De Ruyter in boyhood, and drilling the everlasting rock at Fall Creek in manhood, and building telegraph lines through untrodden forests, and miry swamps,

* Since this address was delivered, the referee, to whom the case was referred, decided that a moiety of what was claimed by the plaintiff should be paid by the University. The claim was for $134,000. The amount awarded was $66,000.

and floods of waters, could bear the burden and endure the exposure no longer. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken; and his life ebbed away gently and quietly through the months of summer, as the creeks diminished in their channels, till the autumn came; and then, with forgiveness for all, God took him! In due time, amidst mourning thousands, we laid his body in the tomb, to await its shrine under the shadow of his beloved University.

Such were the labors, the difficulties, the immense benefactions, the perils of fortune of Mr. Cornell during the last eight years of his life; such were the imperative demands upon his time, his strength, his resources; such were the constant, the enormous drafts upon his vigilance, his vitality, his endurance since the day on which this Hall was dedicated and his purpose of future benefactions expressed. What time had he to give to a consideration of its objects? What strength? What funds? Trustees of Cornell Library Association, if we have ever uttered a murmur that the purpose was delayed, let us bow our heads in penitence in the presence of these heroic labors and endurances. Citizens of Ithaca, if a word of complaint has escaped the lips of any one of you, that he who had already done so much for you, did not do more, that his work was not equal to his wish, stand abashed at your ingratitude and temerity before the gigantic labors, the heroic endurance and princely benefactions which shortened a vigorous life and even hazarded a comfortable competency for his own old age and home. He can do but one thing more for us. The ardor of his desire must kindle our aspirations; the abundance of his bounty, though not equal to his intent, should inflame our ambition. Men and women of wealth of Ithaca, of Tompkins County, for this Library is for all its citizens, come to the rescue; rise to the grandeur and needs of the occasion, and of the memory and noble deeds of our great benefactor, and complete what death, hastened in your service, prevented his finishing. Ten, fifteen, twenty of you, whom God has blessed with abundance, raise ten thousand dollars as a permanent fund for the use of the Library, which will do what Mr. Cornell proposed to do not only for twelve years, but for all coming time; and let it be called "*The Memorial Fund of the Cornell Library Association.*" Men and women of princely souls, I see your faces beam responsive to the propriety and practicability of this

suggestion. O would that my lips were persuasion and my words conviction that I might crystallize your assent into action, and your action into achievement. I would kneel before you, nay, I would prostrate myself at your feet, and would implore you by the love you bear to him, by your admiration for his labors which brought him martyrdom, by your gratitude for his munificent benefactions to the town, to crown your love, your admiration, your gratitude with this grand, this spontaneous act. Would that that vacant chair was vocal! Would that those closed lips would break their silence! Would that that voiceless tongue would speak for me! Rouse yourselves! up, fellow citizens, and *do* it; and *not* only will every heart in that bereaved household *leap* for joy, but the blessing of coming generations shall keep fresh your memories and hallow your graves!

Such, fellow citizens, is a glimpse of the prominent points in the *Life* of our model citizen, the Founder of our Library and of our University, leader or helper in all the enterprises which have increased the business and the wealth of the town and its vicinage. As in the dawn of the morning the sky glows, and here and there, in the unveiling landscape, the hill-tops kindle in the sun-beams, while all the fields and valleys, and orchards, and villages, and homes, are but dimly discovered in the shadows; so have I feebly and in scantiest outline sketched some of the prominent events in the life of Ezra Cornell. But as at last the sun mounts his imperial throne in mid-heaven, and floods all the valleys with light, and covers all the house-roofs with glory, and fills the air of all the fields with the fragrant incense of the clover-blossoms; and the landscape, from ravine to hill-top, is all aglow with light and enchanting with beauty; so will increasing years and memories set before you in golden glories the fullness and richness of the life and labors of him whose name shall be a synonym of integrity and beneficence while the world stands.

II.

Gentlemen of the University and citizens of Ithaca, as the will of God was revealed to the children of Israel by the illumination of the precious stones in the breastplate of the High Priest, so the CHARACTER of our Founder and fellow citizen shines through the precious fragments of his life which I have gathered up. He was born to a life of *labor*,

and he accepted his inheritance with gratitude, and never hesitated at the arduousness of any undertaking. All useful labor was honorable in his sight, and he did what his hand found to do with his might, and for what his labor would bring. He did not refuse work because it was not to his taste, nor because the price was not equal to his desire. Labor was better than idleness, at anything and at any price. He was never seen lounging with the indolent, nor murmuring with the petulant. Industry is a virtue, and he won its highest prizes. He might be slashing the birch forests of De Ruyter to turn the wilderness into a wheat field, or scoring and hewing timber for dwellings or mills; or splitting, and digging, and hewing rocks for dams and culverts; or drilling tunnels, or draining marshes, or setting telegraph poles, or enacting statutes in the Senate chamber of the State, or, above all, be spending sleepless nights and laborious days, laying deep, and broad, and sure, the foundations of his beloved University—everywhere he was a worker. He literally leaped at the beckoning of labor; and the industrious young man was to him a prince, and honored as such. So high a value did he set upon manual labor, or a capacity for it, in all, that it was his earnest desire to make it a part, if not an essential part, of education in the University. It is no disparagement of the general soundness of Mr. Cornell's broad practical judgment that it was found incompatible with the working of a University such as he wished to found. But it is a tribute of no ordinary value to the essential worth and dignity of labor.

Again, the work of our founder and citizen was *thoroughly* done. He was marked not only by doing what he did with his might, but thoroughly. He built for all time, whether he built a wall, erected a dam, constructed a house, or founded a University. He hated, he loathed, he detested shams with all the intensity of his strong nature. He believed that one's works, as well as one's words, represented character, nay even more perfectly. And not that only, he believed that one's work acted back upon and moulded character and life into its own form. He who was so foolish as to make a sham became a sham; he who built a lie became a lie. No man could work imperfectly, incorrectly. No man could make deformities without becoming a deformity himself. He, therefore, not only builded himself into his work, "firm

and true," but his work builded itself anew with him, forming a character as "firm and true" as the walls of rock he built.

Though born and educated in a conservative society, he was eminently a *progressive* man in both his opinions and methods. He was always looking for, and warmly welcoming, all improvements in methods and implements of agriculture and mechanics, and invested his scant competency in 1840 in a new patent for a plow. He had a word of sympathy for inventors when pecuniary aid could not be furnished. He did not believe that the best in anything had yet been realized, and he was pressing forward to the things which were before, rather than resting in the attainments of the present. He faced want for himself and for those dearest to him rather than surrender an undertaking in which he had faith, and his faith was that which removes mountains. This was a prominent trait in his character. He had an inward sympathy with future events like the old prophets, and he pressed on to their attainment as if they were possessions not expectancies. Hence he was always a friend, if not a leader, in *moral and social reforms*. He was both a temperate and a temperance man. He regretted most deeply that his fellow citizens thought it necessary to open so many places where apprenticeship for crime was served, and whose graduates fill our jails and penitentiaries; and both his voice and purse were given for their suppression. And when it became evident that the question whether freedom or slavery should be national must be answered, he did not hesitate which side to choose, but gave himself unreservedly to the cause of human rights. He never, however, was a politician. He always was a patriot. He spurned the ignorant caucus. He revered the enlightened conscience. More easily could you harness a lion to your drag than him to any party machinery.

This faith, this assurance, gave him that *calmness*, that *equanimity*, which were so eminently characteristic of Mr. Cornell. I do not say wholly, for it was in part an inheritance, the acquisition of generations of Friends, of whom equanimity and sobriety of deportment are most eminent traits. He could not be surprised and unbalanced. When he read the calumnious attack made upon his integrity in the Assembly, not a muscle of his face moved, not the smallest capillary of the skin changed its color. He calmly, in his usual deliberate tone, simply said,

"Well, time will set things right, show these charges false; I can wait." This imperturbability and gravity of character was penetrated by a rich vein of humor, which sparkled at times in forms as caustic or as delicate as they were unexpected. Just as through the solid compactness of the rock there glides and glints the elusive vein of silver.

The characteristic remark just quoted gives us a glimpse of another trait of Mr. Cornell's character. *He cherished malice, hostility, to none.* He forgave, if he could not forget, as abundantly and as freely as he was betrayed and maligned. Kindness or silence was on his lips. His own integrity was so pure and pervading that it was hard for him to believe that another who had the form and features of a man could be a hypocrite and a knave. Hence he was often a sufferer. His reliance upon the uprightness of others cost him everything but regret that he thought well of his fellow men, that he did not live every hour as if among thieves.

Thoroughly UNSELFISH was he. In an eminently significant sense he sought not his own. Whatever advantage might accrue to him through the work he was doing or the enterprise he was undertaking, his heart was in the *work*, in the *enterprise*, not in the *proceeds*, the profits. He loved the machine more than the money it coined. He admired a noble work; he loved what was well done. He enjoyed the construction, whether profitable to him or not. "That new house of mine is a piece of folly," he said; and then added, "No, I think our mechanics here will be benefited by having before them an example of perfect work." And that was his pride about it; not that it was *his* house, but a *house*, a thorough, honest piece of work, worthy of admiration. He loved to do things for their own sake. How he loved to walk over the well-tilled field, admire the choice herds and flocks, and view the permanent fences. And when questions of great moment and involving great expense came before him respecting enterprises which he had undertaken, he was not anxious how the decision would affect his private interests and estate, but how the *enterprise* would be promoted or injured by it. And, having learned this, his vote was for the enterprise, the public good, and not for private pelf.

I need not say to you that Mr. Cornell's INTEGRITY was as pervasive as his business and as constant as his breath. As gravity pervades and

holds every atom of matter in the universe, in blazing suns, and floating motes, not a star in the firmament escaping its power, not a pebble in the ocean eluding its embrace, shaping the nebula in the infinite abyss and the vapor-scarf on the hill-side; so integrity filled, pervaded, shaped, guided, illustrated Mr. Cornell's whole life, in thought, word, work, from lowliest service to highest enterprise.

If in any degree at times he was behind the clock in meeting his obligations, it was not because he did not feel them and acknowledge them, but because he had so heaped his burdened shoulders, that no human strength would enable him to overtake them. Accustomed from small beginnings to attend personally to all his affairs, he did not understand nor realize the necessity of imposing upon others the management of less important portions of his business when it became so vast.

I need not remind you that he was SELF-*reliant*, *firm* in his purpose. In firmness he was a rock, unimpressible, immovable. In sympathy he was a brook, turned from its course by every opposition and refreshing all the more abundantly by its meanderings. The early struggle for competency, the necessity thrown upon him to fight his own battles with poverty, and rely upon his own mental and moral and physical resources for success, would naturally form in him a habit of not seeking nor depending upon the wisdom of others. It is not, therefore, at all surprising that this most excellent virtue should have somewhat overtopped its fellows, and rather have attracted the admiration of others by the refreshing springs which gushed from beneath its icy summit, than by the blinding glare of the sunbeams which it reflected. Firmness is not so common a trait of character as not to attract notice, and it is never adversely criticised except when it is planted in our path. Mr. Cornell was open to argument and conviction, and it is by no means certain that he was not often right when he did not yield to our wishes and judgments. When he had deliberately reached a conclusion he acted upon it in the face of the world. He was a just man and tenacious of his purpose, of a solid judgment, unshaken by the ardor or commands of his associates, or the frown of an imperious public.

> Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

To crown all, and glorify all, Mr. Cornell was a man of largest *generosity*. He loved to do good supremely; not only did his beneficence flow in majestic rivers, under the open heavens, but it crept in refreshing streams among hidden rocks, in hidden channels, making thousands of wastes verdant, thousands of hearts glad. His wealth was great. He felt the great responsibility of his stewardship. He would do the best and worthiest thing. He would found institutions which would be "useful in increasing the knowledge and elevating the moral and religious standard of the people." And he did it while he lived, that he might enjoy the luxury of doing it, and his eyes be satisfied with seeing its blessedness, and his ears be rejoiced at hearing its benedictions. And on them he invoked the blessing of God, for in God he trusted.

After he had escaped through the gates of death from the reproaches of mankind, he would not require his executors to erect a monument of folly and bigotry like Girard, the doors of whose marble halls are opened to an oath but closed to a prayer, and whose charter not only disfranchises from its Board of Government, but forbids to pass its doors, all Christian ministers forever more. Thus under the name of holy charity, heaping contempt, derision, infamy, as far as in his power, upon a specified class of our fellow citizens. If such an outrage had been perpetrated upon any other class, scavenger or stevedore, to be continued through all time, a tremor of disgust would have run through the country, and the millions offered to purchase the insult would have been tossed back into the lap or the grave of the giver, amidst the execrations of a whole nation.

Mr. Cornell's RELIGION was not one of the lips, but of the heart and of the life. He was educated from childhood to silence upon the most sacred of subjects, and in mature years both his judgment and taste approved his early instruction. His hand was open to aid in the erection of our places of worship, and his heart sympathized with their prosperity, though he did not accept many of their teachings, nor personally often unite in their services. He felt that religion was a demand of man's nature, and that even when imperfectly administered or understood was the richer blessing. He read the Savior's requirement of his disci-

ples, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and who was more obedient? He read the address of the judge at the great assize, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and how he hastened to help the helpless and comfort the sad! He read, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven," and how earnestly he gave himself to the work! His heart was a temple and its depths a shrine, though no voice nor sound was heard from his lips. His daily life was to him worship; his deeds of charity were to him gratitude; the active use of all his powers of body, and mind, and heart in the work which God had given him to do was to him consecration. To him obedience was the best confession.

Such is the barest outline of the LIFE and CHARACTER of EZRA CORNELL, and if such is only its outline, what must have been its completeness. "He was the noblest man God ever made," exclaimed one who knew him intimately, and had seen him in all his sorest struggles with slanderous imputations, and foul betrayal, and financial storms, as the tears rolled down his cheeks and his lips quivered, and his whole body trembled. So felt we all. "The noblest *man!*" and as a man he was human and subject to human weaknesses and infirmities. If he ever wronged any one, he was grieved. If he saw his mistake, he corrected it. Our rules and methods are not unchangeable but experimental, he once said to me when I objected to a requirement in the University, which I knew was his favorite.

No, fellow citizens, noble as he was, he was still one of us, and we may aspire to attain like nobility. This is the great, the inspiring lesson of his life. His character, not his wealth, made him great. His wealth only enabled him to reveal the greatness of his character. He made wealth worth, and riches righteousness. He redeemed money-getting from greed, and its use from prodigality and vanity. His wealth served him; he never became its servant. The poorest need not despair, for he was one of them and attained. The richest need not be proud, for he was one of them and was humble. And whenever we would kindle anew our own aspirations after true manhood, whenever we would inspire in our children a supreme love of excellence, we will visit the

grave, we will tell them the story of the life, and show them the monuments of the munificence of our model citizen, our true nobleman, Ezra Cornell.

FOUNDER'S HYMN.

The "Chimes" are still. Alone,
As falls the Year's last leaf,
The Great Bell's monotone
Slow hymns our helpless grief.
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!
Bountiful heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

From Slander's driving sleet,
From Envy's pitiless rain,
At rest, the aching feet!—
At rest, the weary brain!
Laboring heart!—laboring hand!—
Laboring heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

So calm, and grave, and still,
Men thought his silence, pride;
Nor guessed the truth, until
Death told it—as he died.
Lowly of heart!—lowly of hand!—
Lowly of heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

"True," as the steel to star:
With eye whose lifted lid
Let in all Truth—though far
In clouds and darkness hid.

Confident heart!—confident hand!
Confident heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

"Firm," as the oak's tough grain,
Yet pliant to the prayer
Of Poverty, or Pain,
As leaf to troubled air.
Kindliest heart!—kindliest hand!
Kindliest heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

Untaught,—and yet he drew
Best learning out of life,
More than the Scholars knew,
With all their toil and strife.
Conquering heart!—conquering hand!
Conquering heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, CORNELL!—Farewell!

The spires that crown the hill,
To plainest Labor free,
Where all may win who will,—
His Monument shall be!
Generous heart!—generous hand!
Generous heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell! CORNELL!—Farewell!

Brave, kindly heart, adieu!
But with us live alway
The patient face we knew,
And this Memorial Day.
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!
Bountiful heart and hand!
O! Father and Founder!—O! Soul so grand!
Farewell! CORNELL!—Farewell!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 913 261 4